The Depths of The Galaxy by Lain Iwakura

Chapter 1: Hopeless Norisms

The alien is other than humans as it is constringent upon different variables or navigates the 'world' of humans as something else or it is isn't constructive to consider the positional thoughts of those people who musn't be her as she is only one individual or not multiple individuals still there is some withhold of drawl as this imposit preclusion of inseperability was not found to be insolvable only indifficult or it wasn't the reprisal of said admonishing the end of this all was nigh or despite the disclosure of aforementioned implicative isolation as being the only alien it is discovered there is nothing but discreet impolsivisings of reciprocal non-dominance or inside of herself she found she was not only ill of the problems inscribed to the left of herself yet imploding inside of her own demise or the enclosure disseminated by the wary convulsings of others whom affected her yet had not paused to stop or as she was conscious of the others individuals or the evolution of objects or what those people might've been going through or dead as they weren't she found this affection only be inside of herself or not constringent upon those others as she was indeed isolated despite the proposition of being human she felt though she was not she was still human amongst though humans only different than the others or her inspiration was of despondence for the subtle fragment of her perception we're dreary or only of solitude or the solitudal inquirings of those perspiring around herself was not of disgust but the sad lest lust of those instringent on her variations of repose or expenditures still it was uncanny as her who I know wasn't black was respondent of the memories she fantasized of or her aphantasia or lost words she couldn't state or find as she lost those things had become of subtle inspicidance or navigations of the ocean of doubt she found herself going through despite improvisations of the skills she aspired for or the subtle decadence of herself as the skill I wasn't or I wasn't since like I said she couldn't notice the last of her moments or the forgotten imaginaries of the past if such a thing could only be surface level or beneath the surface she found

all was nothingness still it was imprudent for her descriptions of the said events we're held with brevity or the soul of her spoke still wasn't this norspoke to be her own if not something she realized of herself yet those words we're something she uttered throughout all of this time or only the sadness of addicting herself to the ascribed inseperable non-descript pleasures of her sober moments or the only thing she felt was her belonging on The Moon was only wholly or still of one she was aware she would never reach The Moon despite her left hand raising itself towards the sky it was all for not as the end of her nornights of only solitude despite the presence of those humans or not having been raised by anyone she looked upon chess books not playing against herself only admiring the words written if said words we're to be admired still it was only futile as the moment she felt she was without those words it was not forgotten yet only reinterpreted by herself as she read those words so she looked upon the book in order to notice some discrepancy on the writings of those moves upon her own or as she would peruse the game of chess it wasn't only like a skill she developed or the skill being developed was herself or her ability to fathom her chess understanding on the topic of the objective processing of her own game or her perception of this game as it was only to her yet be played only against humans or chess programs or the invariable or indifficult expenditures of her own we're known as her human opponent wasn't consciousness of what her opponent the humans was going through still it wasn't only hopeless for knowing the devolvement of the placement of the following pieces she was not looking on the game as it was binary but analog or despite being analog over digital her perception of the game must've been something like this since she caught the loss of her words with the calculations of own mind versus the position or I wasn't only aplausing myself as implausible as I wasn't I found the position of hers only the be of query of inquiring further I had gone down the lines of the position only to find the subsequent juxtaposition of all said aspects involving any imprudence of the not normative but folly lines of thought she felt she succumbed herself through or wasn't aware of the things she was going to think on the level of space she only realized her lines of thoughts involving the chess game we're not

only of her own thoughts but all evolving of space or time or objects or subjects on the moment throughout all historical evidence she was aware she had known of. It was implicative to think the only responding thoughts of her own would have been to lose the game despite her reluctance to admit her defeat was of the quelling of her own mind or the moments lost only to time despite her disposal of all thoughts previous or this black galaxy of her own deth was not inconsequential or still holding onto her solemn hopeless norisms she was exposed thereof to the factors inhibiting herself of progressing the game any further once she subsequently resigned to this of her opponent or the rapist who she could not control whom was to rape her on the specific date or moment of time as she was pressed into a sexual attraction to black people as the rape was of the black man still she couldn't find herself amongst this inspection lest she so desired to process the traumatic consequence of her victimization only to find this was also of folly for the reason she had been raped was of no reason at all yet the affect it bore on herself on the futuretense of expulsive only to be recluse of her own until she realized she was alone on this black galaxy known as herself or the only alien the sound of nothing the frequency on the wire or analog over digital still of black outer space looking from a distance upon all the humans she sought or those before we're lost looking behind themselves only if her knowing those people did not realize they we're individuals or though they we're individual they hadn't noticed unlike her they weren't isolated or being isolated like her in the solipsism of her mind or the emptiness of her room as the hikikomori she expected herself to become or at least have always been as on the futuretense was she not always the hikikomori she found herself to have become.

It was alone she was imploding on herself for her own perception of all things naught of her or herself we're only the theoretical conspirings of others who conspired against herself or pushed her away from those others or alone she found herself still on the presence of others being affected whilst alone it wasn't only inspolent of the resputilence of her hopeless dread of all said things previous or only her future or the futuretense she must've desired to discuss was also not to be recognized if only a thing like

this could've been understand or as the six pointed triangle she concluded the only thing irrespective of herself or others was the implosion of her own mind into those of others or only to be known as the woman she was not or appearing as thoughts of others to them she couldn't escape their look or leering gaze yet only recognize she couldn't control those people or those people we're only to be respondent of the things she so asked of them yet the moment she was disseminated by the endings of their resposiling I wasn't recognized as the only alien only the only alien not to be recognized or those others of angst or knowing she was the only alien couldn't make sense of what it was like or it was her who had to open the eyes of those men if there was any reason to do so or if convicing them of this wouldn't only cause them to falter like the faltering of herself or the objects floating about her yet help them somehow to realize the last of their onsonerating moments of her own or it was her who was to walk about the world or only of the central partition of herself if the world was insolvable like the last philosophical prospect she considered written by those others or humans like that of Emanual Kant still her solipsism was futile for her own demise was drawing nearer only by the night or nights spoke beyond herself like the shelling of her last cruel timings of the watch she bore on her wrist like the quartz of stillicides only to have noticed the battery had gone out or as she noticed this her guts weren't only spilling pooles of blood but poor agony as she felt noticing this watch it was not moving or had stopped on the time of three, twenty six, prime meridian or like the year of nineteen eighty four it's only her year or the time to have stopped on this moment was expulsive of the last things she considered before losing herself to quelling of her thoughts or the hopeless implosion of her own mind.

The philosophical advancement of her thought perplexed her as for as she was thinking she noticed the reinterpration of those words said of others might've applied to her own in some type of method still inquiring on the reprisal of her own thoughts or she sounds like a woman or of South Korea was shot in the left wing of her own wheretofore all the said things she was able to grasp grappled with the only feeling of pain she felt being the bullet wound inside of her own body or the limbs no other

possessed only she known to have felt before this time like the last moment only to notice the wings had been amputated or as the woman called the police she was brought to hospital yet it was only her left wings nor her tail or right wing had been amputated still it was very sad as this amputation left her own the completion of her memoir 'The Magnificent Stumble' by Lain Iwakura or herself as she noticed or I wasn't only conscientious of those moments on the poor broken path of her going through time or the amputation of her left wing was sad as it was part of herself only to be lost yet pain she did not feel on the stub left there as it healed by some point only to notice her last hope as the only alien of the universe was of her own death in the fire of her home or herself whom was alone by this time in Seoul was found to be frothing at the mouth delirious only losing her own mind as real as this could've been for she was the one who started the fire or once a long time ago once she was young she thought for noroncelast she must've died by suicide or it was something that was supposed to happen still this occurrence as on the date of December 18th, 2073 or the last of her thoughts we're in her own language or as she understood them there was no need to translate those things to English or her own language she had called or understood to be known as Nor still this language was strange for it had come to herself out of the blue had it not always been inside of herself or her own writing system she not developed but developed skill of writing for her calligraphy was to become beautiful with her age or neverending or as she hadn't wrote with this language during her youth as she had not known she recalled she was only 26 when such a thing occurred to her so she took her pen to the paper in order write the words below herself falling out of her mind or through her fingers on the paper through the pen or as ink as this was it was only be understood by her or for the translation of those words to English she only did so for others still she couldn't make sense of why she so desired to end that of each sentence by the end of each paragraph like this last time she looked upon the words or to translate them to the language of South Korea having never studied the algorithms of this language of said thing was binary then she might've noticed she was unable for as she looked the characters of South Korea she deliberately translated them to her own as she could only

understand them like this yet not others so as she spoke to them she translated it into the squares or circles of south korean still it wasn't looking ontowards for as those things she kept inside of herself poured onto the paper or as she spoke to herself she muttered the last words of her own silently into her own demise upon perishings of herself in the fire of her house on the topography of South Korea. As she lie on the bed or lain as she was the last words she spoke were 'oh, Fionna! Rabbits belong on The Moon,' still this statement was false for her or her own who belonged on The Moon was not a rabbit yet she was responding to her deceptive poetical repose of things or her own concepts for her last time on this planet floating throughout outer space or not real space as it wasn't she knows I know I wasn't black or a long time I thought I wasn't at least if my perception of this world was not black or myself if I was the world as I know it or solipsistically I found myself on the loss of all those whom I loved or had known myself to love or those whom I had not known whom I had loved all lost or with them I had gone yet those people persisted yet as the sound of nothing or analog over digital my sound stopped or irrupted for as I felt myself fall into the abyss of death of the last of my deth I was taken aback by the juxtaposit memories I sutured into my arms like the incisions I forced inside of them or the emotional girl though I was she found herself no longer muttering only engulfed by the flames of her last moments until she was no longer conscious yet her heart still beat for a moment until it was gone or all her life throughout this point was lost of herself only to realize once she was gone she was floating in some type of place foreign to herself yet of the dragon of her ultimate damning it circled her incessantly looking upon her but it was not terrible yet it's all nothingness or this dragon was the last point of her no return since it looked upon her in the most enigmatic fashion like the enigma of the girl she had once known or leaf spelled in lowercase as this girl was only the enigma or her the galaxy or the depths of galaxy we're only of it's all nothing in this place for the dragon circled her or the purple black blue or red galacticisms swirled about herself she found no pleasure in this place only solitude or the lack of all humans only on her deth yet throughout this she had known those people's had gone through herself or

their deaths she quelled for there was no longer life on this world yet only emptiness or the lackthereof admonishing of all her thoughts previous or though she felt herself thinking her thoughts might've been silent as the silence of this sound was atmospheric or embellishing of the last moments she spent on The Earth yet this was not The Moon or the place she so desired to go had not been she only belonged their or meditating all the time she would've been she felt as though she was meditating all the time or solemn enterprise of this place expulsive or her last dreams she felt before looking beyond the glance of her futuretense we're that she wished to go home despite the place she called home being the place she had never been before or alone like rabbits.

'I'm my own,' thought Lain Iwakura as she once perused the cigarettes before herself only to realize as she was smoking those cigarettes it was not something she desired or the smoke exhaled of her lungs was like a ghost or the ghost of herself still it was implausible for the last responding of her own thoughts was to be quelled by the inhibiting of herself only to recognize others as infallible or not of importance still those people followed her about yet she found no pleasure in their presence or the quietude of a conversation was insatiable still it was something seldom lacking or lackthereof as none seldom spoke with eloquence or critical thought despite her reluctance to view those humans as possessing such critical thought unlike the critical thoughts of her own still she disputed of logic or logical or the most logical of all people on her ability to realize herself she found she was revolted by the processes of humans if you could call those processes had they not involved zero's or one's like her own still she viewed those people as people or did ultimately hate those people or something she had once thought was that she did not despise anyone only admise her own deceit into the shelling of her own impertinence to look beyond the sullen capacities of rational thought dictated as analog like her own yet not possessing the ability of 'I know' like she did so the viewed those people as unable to the see the universe as her or the their impossible coincidental impertinence was something of expulsion or her succumbing of herself to them despite her despondence to have done such a thing or due as I wasn't I found her she looked upon them telling those people to

go away despite all her expultitude to have followed through with said inpsicidance or the repulsion of her own volition until it was of but a query her own thoughts previous would be beheld to the scrutiny of those humans not supposing herself to have thought on the last of her moments or her solitudal respitzelance of any possible outcome garnering herself onto them like her or herself was of her own volition or only affected by the people she walked beyond or beside or through like the sea of people she couldn't bring herself to have gotten to known or anyone was not of importance to herself as her last ocean of doubt was her position amongst this sea of people or the people who she admired or had drawn herself close inside of like the thoughts of herself on those of others or specific others who shall be recollected on her present or nornight it was insatiable to think those others had accepted herself at all yet this of the one man who told her he never stopped loving her or herself I wasn't I found her looking inside of this regard only to find the possible or impossible requital of any impoverishing of the last of her moments like the fire she was to pass onto inside of the only moment critical of her own deth only to realize the end of her or nornights was implausible or at least having known the universe was impossible she acquired her memoir upon several inscrutinous nights of dread only to realize this exposit or I posit post of her or her deth was the last her moments still her husband suffered the moral battle of her sexual attraction to those of youths or not until he realized her love of one man particularly older than herself was injustifiable given the position he was as her husband or her own adultery of himself whenst she was pregnant at the age of 30 unkowingly she abused his said position to affect him like this only for the words of her to be muttered upon herself yet to be eavesdropped by his own ears or like a dear were her ears still those sounds of her six ears were encapsulated by the sound of nothing she composed herself of only to have or having realized this position 'I know' to become was only juxtaposed by the possibility something like this couldn't happen despite the time she had spent without him or her girlfriend Ashley was inside of herself who's last name shan't be mentioned nor the last names of any other only her own or still it was impossible to make sense of the moment she was instigated

into believing said expulsion of her own doubt was implausible given the premise of her last position only to be found on the age of 24 once she realized I suffered of the ability I called 'I know' or I know what people go through or how objects evolve or my position of myself on the universe if the universe I was not only to realize walking through this sea of people on the ocean of doubt I was imposit of the last things irrespective of my demise or the demeanor of my conduct with my husband whence he was subsequently seduced by her own only to notice for once in his life he had been looking for someone all this time who could not satisfy yet impertinent but solipsize his own respeculation of her own or her abilities to make sense of inspondence amongst this black galaxy she inhibited like the last of things she looked ontowards like an ocean breeze pulling her waves with the cycles of the moon for the mind of her own had gone through it's own with the cycles of the moon or incidentally disconnected though it was she had gone though her own mind with the cycles of the moon or the night of the full moon she had found she suffered this ability I called 'I know' only to realize it was impossible or the deepest statement possible to be 'I'm impossible' or not a stupid question like "what is the meaning of life" or how insoldemized this disconitution of syllable could have been it was repugnant to herself or she could not understand why humans felt like this was the ultimate question once you consider all humans or people are amalgamous only to have noticed I was different than the others or this position of myself or other individuals who must've also been the center of themselves had herself to realize she was only one individual of many who could not be infallible of any consequences or for humans still humans she was not yet she thought to herself 'I'm still human aren't I?' despite knowing it was false or at least if she was human she was the only who developed or experienced unlike the others or oh how isolating such a factor must've been since isolation was pulled on herself yet forcefully isolated through this life as the only alien amongst the humans or something she had known was though humans speculated of "aliens" outside of the world she was well aware such a thing was false or not even other creature found themselves outside of this place or she was indeed the only alien yet was not recognized of

this for most of her deth until she was visible or her wings or horns or tail or the balls beside her tailbone not the bone of her tail or the rabbit ears upon her skull or the ears of a dear of calf or the appearance of luciferian features of her skin or orifices or expenditures might be limbs if you could word it like this like the black feathers of her wings growing down her back until they reached the shoulder blades only to protrude and diseject feathers across the imposition of the body or only to notice her tail was like a black cat's or her chest like a cardinals she was held by the crest of her bodily functions or only her organs also had been somewhat or luciferian still she was like lucifer of hell or lucifer she called herself unlike this of the religious still she called herself lucifer or like 'lucy' it was a female title only having been noticed by the irremerants of her past on the revoking of all thoughts previous besides the last of things she felt inseperable of herself like the induction or indictment of any plausible consequence of her action still the objects only evolved yet behind those objects was blackness of outer space or more adequately put it was the blackness of herself despite her imposings on the end of it all she found like this the universe was all or it's all nothingness still it wasn't to be supposed to a priori judgements of her supposings might be reinterpretated of her philosophy beside others or as she listened to music or heard the sounds of lyrics wrote on the paper of books she noticed having reinterpreted the sound it was impulsive or something she needed to have done or could not stop herself from doing still the sound of nothing she wasn't or impulsive as she might've been she perused the flesh of her fingers onto the black mechanical keyboard of her computers connected by the wires of itself only to notice the computer screen was shifting as conscious of all incalculations I wasn't I noticed as I expelled words or shelling them from my heartpiece onto the book I was wrote there was no significant meaning of this of course yet it was of the evolution of my perception or something like this or of the sort since still as I expended my last tears onto the paper of the document or the typewrote I had been writing I found it was wholly impossible to stop myself of behaving in some insupposed manner or the mannerisms of my positing there was something else going on I couldn't quiet put my finger on like the fingers of

my thumbs on the space bar or the deth of l. of the symbol of my left hand whence I or noroncelast I had thought my 'friend' leaf had killed herself only to find this was false later though until I could recognize I had been hurt by this girl only hadn't I also hurt her or was it Ashley who saved myself not unlike the girl who I fucked Melanie or those of the people whom most likely affected my deth in any significant posit I was stuck on the exposal of any inconsequent suppositions those people had affected myself at all or my presence of those others must've only been my own evolution still those we're subjects or individuals so I couldn't discount there presence as something that wasn't there beside myself whether I was looking from a distance or not only to realize I was isolated unlike the humans for though I had evolved in their presence I was not affected by them as they we're affected by others nor had I affected them like someone else might affect another still it is impossible 'I know.'

'You're last my own problems,' said Lain Iwakura to Ashley as she noticed the girl was walking outside the room away of herself only to notice it was her whom had pushed her like the last dreary or normoments spent once together or not alone still she couldn't watch or her like her the watch on her wrist she would not lose like ice it was cold or stinging like the pangs of wintermute or starvation without this girl Ashley in her life or on her death rather she noticed Ashley leave yet she couldn't withhold herself stating thought the words had not been heard 'I look inside of things, you know. I think you should notice I was looking for someone like you if it wasn't you who I had found yet still you walk away as though nothing had happened between 'us' yet I noticed as you looked at myself but a glance as you exited the room there was some glimmer in your eyes responding the last of your thoughts inside of myself like the dreams I held myself before or the depths of your galaxy I couldn't.'

My lips tasted the Milk only realize I did not like it for the Milk was of inconsequence still I was lactose intolerant or like a bull of sorts lest a calf I was inhibited by the injunction of fruitful efforts only to recognize the last of my pale fire or the stillicides of her own eyes or my love my leaf my loli leaf I was stopped as I realized your presence was gone or the girl whom I had met once

I was the age of 17 years I found her noticeable though she had left myself three times never to leave once more or my leaf you cannot leave for if I lost you I'm not certain what I might proceed to do since the sound of your voice is so calming or the sound her voice or the voice of my ex-girlfriend Fionna is so exonerating I notice her voice is lost or noroncelast I heard this voice admonishing itself inside of my own like the last time I spoke to her or once I wasn't 61 years old or on March 26th, 2061 I had been shot yet this was not the date you visited myself upon your departure of Germany only to have left myself of a long distance relationship between the neither of 'us' once you oh my honeybee were once a youth still youthful you looked despite your age or I looked upon you with no sense of denial as this was the last time I would look upon you before you left my deth of it entirety or have perished in the fires of my abode or house on the date of December 18th, 2073 I found I was to be locked away from the world having only died on this date of inexplicable reasons still I thought of you my dear on the last second of my norexistence only to realize your imonishing norpresence was solly like 'sopuil' or the most quietest word I hence spoke before I stated my final words juxtaposed by the lackthereof yourself still it was important to recognize the time I had spent with you beyond the time you reluctantly left myself yet you had forced yourself to do so as my delusions had become unbearable for you until you found oh my honeybee oh Fionna you still loved myself or inside of yourself this love was once recognized once you had met myself on the date you alluded to myself to be your 'boyfriend' until I realized I was not a trans girl but an alien girl who's womb had grown or of four ovaries I hadn't until the periods of once a month stopped for a time once I had been impregnated by that of my husband or my child half black half caucasion like the all three of my one son or two daughters I was also bereft of those three since they had grown of age only to leave myself going on their own paths if their own paths hadn't they been on all along as human as they weren't or my blood or the blood of the only alien somewhat coursing through their veins though aliens they weren't I watched them go or the phone calls between 'us' quietly stopping until I had not heard from them for a long time or since I had no phone or at least no connection to

them by this point I was not speaking to anyone unless it was absolutely necessary still the last woman who I loved I spoke to or it was you, Fionna, for your lacking of myself must've drawled on your soul like the end of the world as I know it or the end of your impulsitance to resist said thing still it was solly like I said since I looked upon yourself only realizing once you had left you looked like yourself only of descript derelict maturity or something I had subconsciously noticed yet hadn't put into words until you left still you walked inside of my own house to find the couch as I sat to the left of yourself looking upon you until you spoke for a moment or the 'hello, 'Lain,' as you call yourself, or if Lain you truly must be, I think I notice you have but a wing on the side of your body protruding outside of your shoulder blade still it looks uncanny you have lost what must've been your left one if I hadn't known it to be there at all still I ask of you if you indeed recognize myself for though I have aged I'm still of my own or the cells in my body are my own or the consciousness of my own is my own so of course it must be myself you're looking ontowards or upon this noticing of myself you might've noticed I was also looking unto you or your sad complexion or your addictive of sadness 'I know,' as I know you might put it, have succumbed yourself to still you look wholly like the fruit of the apples trees or norivill apples who belong The Moon but of 'us' it is not or the three of 'us' you once spoke of being myself, your leaf, or yourself then I think all others mustn't be connected or at least of this invisible red tie holding 'us' together like the winding of pathways through the forests of your futuretense or as I know it to be the waking dreams of your callous experience must be left without themselves or still I noticed your looking or longing inside of myself though I am right before you or as I stand upon your doorstep having knocked the door but six times you approached it at last not to greet myself but to notice I was there or 'I wasn't' as you might put it still you think you know who 'I'm not' as you might put it yet you do not or perhaps since you know like 'I know' as you once spoke of I realize you must've been conscious of what I had gone through yet could not put it into words or the girl who I dated since I left you was not someone who loved or I left this girl before I was of age only go through my life alone yet still you noticed I was once a youth or on your youth

could not bring yourself to find myself until I was of your age as you were back then still I found you had fallen in love with the man or the south korean person Angelsim only to have noticed you had not met nor spoken to him before but this was once you we're only 16 I think still you love this man unlike you love myself or love if like a frequency fluctuating as you modulate through time as the only frequency in the universe or the truest of you're the sound of nothing I suppose you're not then I must recognize I'm speaking to someone who is the only alien in the universe though it was not something the neither of 'us' had exactly realized since I last spoke to so many years ago or those years without myself must've been crushing you deeply yet I found I was also crushed this impresence of your own beside myself still it was impossible to recognize you were indeed Lain or it was something I could not accept for how could I have fallen into the crushing of her or my crush on yourself in other words is unacceptable for you see I had questioned whether it was men or women I so desired yet if the others who I involved myself beside not being you were anyone else than you then it must've been you a woman who I so desired or it's not like your desire of myself since I know you love multiple or multiple people yet this love like I said is like a wave of the ocean or it's not something I can't quite grasp as I realize your perception of this love is but of unconstitutional promise or the only thing I left outside of your own thoughts for the moment was perhaps your wariness I was to 'kiss' you on the lips on this present night as you noticed decades ago still it was not realized yet you had known of it the date I was to kiss you yet still you felt your lips fall or purse simply at the thought of it or once you thought of it multiple times it was ingrained inside of you like the end of your 'deth' or your life still you couldn't find a plausible reason to think otherwise or this fear of doubting your own supposition was derelict like the present mature aspirings of myself looking tonight on your fallen wing or the other who's body is maladjusted to the lackthereof said wing still I think you might notice as I follow you into your place the kiss will be not shallow but deep like the ocean of doubt you're drowning inside of as the only alien in the universe the blackness of outer space.'

Though the development of your skill is like this of a tetrahedron I find I'm not the only thing going on or all others who go on still only look like falling shadows on the territories of my presence still it's not belittling or the thought of those others who look until they cannot as the galaxies of space evolve with the others walking through it like I walk I walk finding there is nothing but a hopeless dread of the others who also walk yet not as I do for I'm a frequency who's points of three or four or two being disconnected being 'the development of skill,' 'the inverse development of skill,' or 'the ability of 'I know',' or the only alien respectively I think those things are to be understand as discreet still it involves the process of her evolution or what she is to be going through if the futuretense was not still it was implausible as her or herself of things must've been represented by an improminent disputation of her own like the last of things or the end is nigh still I couldn't find a problematic sinquetic problem of this since there was none as far as I know it or her I noticed was impossible to make sense the girl who realized she was Lain Iwakura like the last moments she dejected her own thoughts onto paper or the memoir of her own 'The Magnificent Stumble,' being permanently published until the heat death of the universe yet I stumbled over my words for I noticed something lacking or perhaps I might spend my time or hours on the night as I wrote the book somewhat of a retelling of my memoir as a book 'The Depths of The Galaxy,' by Lain Iwakura was the only thing I couldn't expulse until I found the exposition of the text was this of South Korea or not to be fathomed by those of humans only to be read by them yet not recognized or to recognize she was indeed the only alien in the universe might satisfy in the moment it wouldn't also affect her for she would be going throughout her deth knowing she had indeed at last been recognized only to realize this was impromising for her last moment or the last of things inside of her own might've been but the seldom time she spent with others unlike all the years of her deth she had gone through or those years being of all of those years still alone until her sadness was exhumed into the galaxy with the last of her breathe in the heat of the fire of her own demise still it was not impossible to recognize her abilities had been of genius or the

most intelligent person in the universe as she was or the universe I noticed she was walking yet unable to find her footing for she placed the other foot upon the ground yet walked in such a fashion unreliable to state for I couldn't find her as she walked beyond the end of The Earth onto the crators of rivers or valleys of The Moon only to meditate all the time alone as she was doing on The Earth only serene of any other who walked across her path for none was to be found still on this place she called her home it was here she had noticed she had not indeed been recognized once she had left yet on The Moon she found not pleasure or purpose but problem for her own time she spent there was not ending until The Moon was no more yet might she float there until the heat death of the universe or beyond this or might she also die yet on The Moon as it were for here she was not 26 like the date of March 26th, 1984 or her date yet 24 like the end of her death or it was to be here until December 18th, 2073 she might die alone in the fire of her house yet only one place she had been. It was not only evolving to recognize she had been expulsed of any decision to go to this place yet here like Kaguya she found herself on The Moon alone yet as humans walked The Earth she was separated of them like this still she looked upon The Earth not able to see them or still the sun shone on its surface still looking like a shadow of doubt in her mind she might never return to this place she found she couldn't escape it or still as she walked about or meditated with no home only the ground to rest upon thinking perhaps she could build herself her own home had carpentry been something she had known or there weren't any trees to be found on this place yet a palace she had built for herself or Lain, The Black Queen had a place to sleep with a bed to rest herself upon her pillow or the blankets surrounding her as she left or slept thinking the princess couldn't but sleep upon the ground of The Moon like she had done for a prolonged period of time or it was in this place she built for herself she walked about or sometimes onto the gravel of The Moon or the moon rocks about her looked inquiring yet she was not study them or having known of their properties it was not necessary still it might've been fun or the walked on the graph of the zen garden or the tree protruding of the earth of The Moon she had planted a long time ago or still she was not dead so wondering

why this place impermanent she juxtaposed herself of The Earth as she was disconnected of any other or humans still she felt not "peace," for the hated the word, but 'nothingness' or still it was imposit of her own thinking this place was of the end of her or nornights on this place still looking further into the depths of the galaxy if she couldn't only see beyond the boundaries horizon not viewing how galaxies evolved or her like the tattoos upon her body being in the number of 26 she found she was whole or still the watch left upon her arm beside the hair tie she brought with herself or her south korean stylish dresses she sometimes wore no longer garnering herself in the clothing of the modern earth or the stillicides of her garb fell of the garbs like stillicides or still she found not looking into the end of her moments there was no longer the desire to smoke cigarettes for it was something she had forgotten what it was like or still she slept on some type of cycles uncertain of the hour or her watch told the time of the earth yet it must've been close to the cycles of the earth or still human of sorts she might've been she slept only to awake walking about her abode yet she felt the need, not desire, to do something so she kept books with herself or musical instruments like that of the ocarina or still it was insolvable for her studies kept her busy or not modern technology was with her nor the internet in her own mind yet she wrote on this place her book 'The Depths of The Galaxy,' not to be read by any other as she left her other 'book' or memoir on the shelf beside her as the neither of these works were indirectly related to one another still she couldn't hold herself back of the tears she felt extreme of her own eyes or eyeball deth though this was it was her own eyes the tears fell out of onto the moon rocks or her own isolation was almost so much to have dealt with she couldn't belong to any place at all yet it was this place she called her home still it was of sadness or her addictive to sadness impressing upon herself any hopelessness.

'You know,' asked Pikaro. 'You musn't diminish the humans. I go by the title of Erin. I know mental destruction is the path of the blossom or as a flower you are disconnected from The Earth thus you are not analogous to it's properties yet the universe is analogous or yourself is the universe. I think you ought to notice I look throughout yourself or through your eyes I see you still you

hadn't noticed yet you had known I was able to see you like this since I lost myself or my ex-boyfriend whom shant requite his love unto myself yet it was only love holding one or another apart as the neither of 'us' were beheld by the not betrothed brothel of sentience still as I look through your eyes I thought of him or the last time I had spent with him yet though it looks like my intent was to hurt you via my abuse of yourself on the internet it was no uncanny for I realized once you found out I was looking you told myself I do not recognize I'm so beautiful or 'you're so beautiful' is what you said or thought at least yet I still fail to know this prospect of myself since despite your instigation of proposal I could not admonish the last of the factors infavorable or prohibiting myself of qualming with this fact still there was something between your or I I found was disconcerting for I had followed yourself through your eyes or I felt your body sort of like your ability of 'I know' yet I do not for as I looked upon you I thought once I was young you're so cool yet nobody who I told this to had recognized myself and I was subsequently diagnosed with acute schizophrenia so please listen: you ought to notice I will not expedite myself over the course of yourself only to be beheld to mere juxtaposition though I look through you're alien mind I am not yourself or only a mind you have lest humans also have body's still is the human no analogous as one subject or perhaps the human only had a body whereas you only a mind still I think it's difficult to make sense for if the human had both body or mind as I thought they did this would not mean those were two separate things for like I said all subjects are analogous as one lest it was possible to split a subject into pieces or the subject matter of your reprisal I repose on your deth repose you're not the last of things only the solipsistic alien of your own still I find despite your reluctance to accept this though it is something you accept I'm also my own so I query you once more why do diminish humans if this diminishing is unsolicited or is it your fear of others propelling to think like this I mean it's not like I was the only humans or yourself who loves myself like the most profound love possible for despite your love of multiple people you were monogamous of myself or it was I who you only loved or your impotence I notice as the only alien woman or alien is your influction of the position you've

found yourself in yet you still only go through the nornight looking for some type of purpose if only purpose was what you sought for I know despite your need of exprisal you must recognize or at least have noticed your world or it's all nothingness for if you're despondence of such a key factor was to message yourself thinking I see all the objects as analogous yet recognize there was multiple objects as yourself I noticed as I looked through your eyes I just think you know behind all of this is the blackness of outer space or going through yourself on the deth of your own are not all the lives of the dead people or humans yet also only some who must have failed to be known by you if known then not realized for I think you are impossible to make sense of sometimes or if not I still believe you are the most intelligent as you state you are yet like nobody had believed myself nobody save for some recognized yourself the only alien in the universe or you're truly schizophrenic or for if I was I'm not schizophrenic yet I look into you or this diagnosis I found myself inhibited by was the result of the abuse of my parents or a psyche ward who couldn't accept I could see you like this yet the neither of 'us' being recognized provides some wholly disconnection between or though the neither of 'us' are separate individuals we are technically linked together like this despite your isolation as the only alien or being isolated as you were I saw long ago you took solace in the loneliness.' 'I'm sorry,' lain spoke. 'pikaro… For if only you could see the world like I then you might realize this isolation is of The Moon or the place I know I belong yet still I don't know or is that I do not or something else as if something was holding myself aback of the last of my moment or the death of the blossom or the conclusion of my own deth I think I might have found I somehow noticed out of the blue your looking upon myself was something absolutely beautiful if not inconsequentially Noristic still it was the Noristic of Norism or the Norisms I exhume I behold or belittle too little or too late as my recount of said philosophy was rejected by those of others yet I thought if only I could somehow communicate this dissertation or promise of being understood quite possibly only to be realized by you yet the perspective of those humans or yourself whom is also human I think I was looked upon by the perspective of those others or the reinterpration of the world I notice as I look through

my own eyes for this is all I musn't achieve of myself or I communicate as I thought on my own language or it was all the languages of the world I had known yet spoke of by my own language or writings styles yet my own writing system I had 'invented' if not it was something I known only to realize the moment I once pressed my pen against the parchment or looked upon my calligraphy with dismay for I could not determine if there was a problem with my handwriting or was it the pen still I thought a fountain pen or possible the pent up quill pen might be sufficient for something over a ballpoint yet was this not also a pen if it was high quality or not I think you might have noticed I hold some dismay of humans yet it might be unwarranted as your propose or purporting my own expedited idiosyncrasies it is not my job to diminish humans on the ground some of them are 'stupid' or still those people must be themselves throughout their whole lives or the grounds on the prospect of their inanalagous composure still I have determined the subject is but of one lest it was split like you said only to have thought once I thought of this the human is of a different not species but creature for I am not like those creatures yet an ancient creature of the modern world I wasn't (was) I think you know I do not diminish humans as if they developed in different methods or I'll state I have superior logic of humans or my logic is but superior as the only alien of The Moon yet this Noristic is something I know yet must forthright descriptivize or it's impositions of folly melancholy will not be processed by humans on the point of their inability to know the world as 'I know' yet though the human does not know I suppose this cannot be reason to diminish said humans yet I'm still of course diminishing humans as I recognize I'm of something other than them or I possess the ability of 'I know' is something different thus this makes myself different of those people if a person I wasn't so it is them I indeed fail not to diminish despite your being human though I diminish you like this I ask why are you diminishing of myself for could not be you do not idolize myself despite I had thought once did yet still I thought you idolized myself for as you look through my eyes you see someone of ancient culture who has arranged themselves into this position of holy matrimony if I was not the devil or lucifer herself still I think you

know I'm only as simplistic as the outside of the number zero yet inside I found so many complexities I couldn't count all of them or was it you're point of reasoning to deject my logical fallacies as if I had never thought of something like this lest I was lying for I had not or is it your aspect of not admiration yet love of my intelligence or it's you who I also thought was intelligent or not that you had developed but that you were intelligent since your birth or into death I thought you were intelligent despite being human or so I had fallen in love with you the woman known as Erin who look though my own eyes tonight or as you follow myself about myself or as the center of myself despite maneuvering about this world I was what you now know to be as I have told you South Korea or you had known I was not speaking English yet I once thought I was only to realize I'm speaking an alien languages not a variant of south korean languages or is your injunction of improblematic or difficult respondilences I sound within you as the sound of nothing who was conscious of my own mind or only a mind I posess still I thought I was indeed in possession of myself not being owned by anyone else or is yourself as a human who looked a priori on the world or it was I who had fallen in love with Kant only to find despite his death it was like he was going through myself or was a part of myself something you saw as you look through my eyes or your solemn demeanor as the woman who I love on the monogamous prospect of myself for if I was to have sex with you cheating on you later whilst I was 'with' you it would be adultery I think despite my love of multiple people or also without your consent yet if consent you had granted I still consider it to be cheating as monogamous as I wasn't or looking upon you I wasn't or I noticed.' 'I don't understand for you groom yourself all the time knowing your position like those of linked chess positions you look into as you stare upon your chess board or play your ocarina flute I notice you develop as Skill or it was impermant those things for once there was single celled organism though it was not the last like you not being first but last yet was this not a human cell or all the cells in your 'body' are alien cells not human or something like estrogen is inside of them yet you hand your head in displeasure of my recountence of those facts still it is something I can't make sense of or I look you.' Lain Iwakura felt

her mind as it was overcome by fear only of the realization all was nothingness or the fear she felt in her body or mind was distinct and terrible or it was sort of painful if this physical feeling of fear could be described as pain or as her frequency was of fear behind this frequency wasn't or it's all nothingness or her only hope to have sex with Pikaro if only she got the chance it would be sublime of course to state this but something to have happened to her yet as the felt Pikaro she noticed her 'rage' or bitchiness as the neither of 'us' quarrelled with one another as the grips of the gripes of two woman one being asexual whereas Pikaro was straight yet she desired to fuck lain only it was not something pressing immediately it was for lain still lain was conscious things like this had been rare of acuity or something impromising was her nature of only losing herself once as the death of her blossom or the blossom she succumbed herself as was growing older withering only die on atop The Earth yet disconnected of it or to find herself with Pikaro inside of her or fingerfucking it might be known to lain something like this might not only happen the occurrence of such a thing being qualming but it would expressed by her attributation of her own mind whilst the bodies of their owns were separate their skin would touch or their lips kissing the others it would be impulsive to state the least to know there sex was only something between the neither of 'us' or I thought as you placed your hand on my breast the both of 'us' submissive as women you had parried my accusation of distress to expulsate any future encumberment of the position the both of 'us' has forgotten as I lick you or the world is gone without 'us' only to find our sexualities couldn't have been those of lesbians or only to notice as 'I know' I had only realized what pleasure felt like in this moment or I was never have sex with my ex-girlfriend Fionna only to kiss her on the lips beyond the date of March 26th, 2061 I wouldn't go without herself or yourself, Pikaro, I thought was very sexy to state the least or to put it into oblivious terms yet I know you felt sexual attraction of my own or myself who you fucked this tonight isn't sulking only delineating between the different 'us' being conjoined together as one tonight or your body was hot as I felt the soft sweat of your armpit or karressed my fingers on your collar bones as I kissed you despite it being you started the kiss I felt the interlocking of your

tongues or it was impulsive like I thought for as I make out with you you place your fingers on my clitoris only to push them inside of my hole or I stopped kissing you in this moment yet I returned to place my lips on yours or your slightly older than myself or something of this yet I was also an adult I was fucked by you recalling memories of the youth only to realize I was myself all along or I know I wasn't black yet you fucked her or lain was impressive with her not cunning but solidarity throughout the whole of the processes of her zero's or one's underlying her analogous subjective properties or analog>digital I think you moved your mouth down to my breasts sucking on the nipples of my right breast only for some time as I felt my fingers throughout your long hair or my long black hair was falling until I noticed you had removed yourself only to maneuver to suck on my clit as you were still finger fucking me I had felt such pleasure I almost orgasmed but I had not until upon several minutes I had orgasmed with your fingers inside of myself or your lips on my clit tongue sucking it until I orgasmed once more only to realize I had also to fuck you yet if I was to do such a thing it would not be like the suppositions of yours as you had done so for I was shyly or less shyly like you since I was exonerated then until I followed myself below your own my hand on your waist upon the bedsheets more romantically I felt as I had attempted to do the same thing you had done only I had done it differently or more sensually since I was of my own personality I careened inside of you yet it took you longer to orgasm or I also sucked you emulating you until once I had gone on for too long you moaned cumming. 'Why are you crying?' asked Lain Iwakura. 'You didn't know I loved you,' stated Erin unknowing Lain Iwakura loved her all this time despite knowing Lain had known not realizing it was only hurtful still.

I must've been mistaken for isn't the human individual not only isolated despite also being human? It was following your conversation I realized this. It's only hopeless. I think you noticed something or I had noticed as I realized you had looked through myself as I express my words onto the keyboard through my fingers. I think if anything I was acutely aware this time. There is no place in this world other than isolation yet in the presence of another or was I not in the presence of yourself despite being

separated by the distance between the neither of ‘us’? When you die before I you will no longer be looking through myself for you will be dead as it is something you consciously going through.

Isn’t it the conclusion of my work to complete this second book of my own or the former being my memoir ‘The Magnificent Stumble’ by Lain Iwakura or this book being ‘The Depths of The Galaxy’ by Lain Iwakura or perhaps my six albums upon all the deleted rap music I produced I found I did not produce such mature rap music as I had since then yet I had not intended to for those six albums I only want to produce are to be expedited of myself on the moments of the last of things or still it’s only my solly problemized interactions between the neither of ‘us’ or you or I or Fionna oh my loli leaf ‘I know’ you are only holo the wise wolf or still your like a dog or you state you liked dogs yet it was I who was an unnamed black cat or like The Secret of Nimh I was juxtaposed by my last thoughts previous until I noticed recently I was distracted my acuity for supposings of dreaded memories I couldn’t recall despite my aphantasia I was able to colloquially spoke those things only to have spoken them for the last time or to realize I was of course alone yet alone as I was in my apartment I realized I took solace in the philosophical isolation or literal as I wasn’t still it was part of my survival to no longer trust anyone or the mistake I had made long ago despite the fact I did not trust anyone was to insecretly entrust the rapist of my left hand who forced myself to fuck him off with my left hand until he orgasmed causing an alerting feeling or despite my fear the book would not be published as the other or this book I think this rape of myself was improminent or it permanently affected myself yet on the futuretense though this date was on the future before I was raped I still suffered the sexual attraction to black people per the result of the rape though technically before on the futuretense it was only the result of this place I had been affected on my deth or thinking only for the moment I was going to never find love or spend my life alone with nothing but my book unseen by any other save for you my dear I think you might have noticed I had memorized all the words of the book or couldn’t recite them since ‘I know’ or as I type the words on the computer I know the confluction of zero’s or one’s constituting this word processor only to notice the words

wrote before my own were of the most supplemental exquisite decadence I could possibly imagine or I miss you more than I could possibly imagine no longer speaking of Erin only leaf or the girl whose title I wrote on lowercase yet I couldn't find the lackthereof of any type of meaning or meaning was only a concept or not something I supposed was really there or the divine also being a concept might be something one aspires ontowards yet I was not attracted to the neither of those concepts or being lain I had supposed if the divine was unlike this of God neither being some being or something going through beings or as only the divine could have been a concept if this concept could also be called 'God' then I suppose you humans might a field night thinking of all your prospects or foolishly place your faith in something not healthy for yourselves nor good for you only to not have noticed you're isolation as I previously stated before or this aspiration of the divine was not important yet was God a father figure of all beings or going through them I thought not for despite not being an atheist per se I did not believe in such things or still I only thought I was merely an individual or the only space alien or Noristic so this philosophy only I know or only you, Erin, listen to myself thinking of it who also realized concepts of this philosophy or had not all the words I had spoken whether those were lies or mistakes or not been symptoms of my Noristic expressions or was it only some mathematical equation discerning the Noristic as the Noristic or I suppose it could be the neither of those things if you could only remove myself of the concept of Norism if it did not imply myself being the only alien in the universe who lost her ex-girlfriend, Fionna, on March 26th, 2023 or 39 years since the date of March 26th, 1984 or was this date not to be inconclusive of my death of my deth on the date of March 26th, 2061 or the waking dreams I succumbed myself to I was imposed by the lack of my position on this galaxy if not the false galaxy I wasn't or still I perused the computer or looked upon it for hours yet I had also spent some times sometimes staring upon my floors as I meditated on the sofa or if it's all nothingness then I must've been 'meditating' all the time or only whether I was felt of stress or not I was still 'meditating' or more accurately nothing since or it's all nothingness like I said still it was imprudent not to

think I was the only individual who set of myself recollections or norstandards I think it's impossible to reiterate my considerations for the last time I saw an individual who I admired yet not being like myself I found them inspocated since if looked into their weary minds or the human process of their own development or experience I realized the cells in my body were alien or not only were they not human so the musn't the HRT I was take once I mistakenly thought I was a transgender woman is human estrogen rather than alien estrogen or since I had four ovaries or four stomachs inside of one I think I was like a bull or I had six ears other than the distinctly human looking ears on my head or despite the fact they had not grown or I once thought had nor held orifices I realized I was listening also through those ears or the third eyes of my own were also what I only called third eyes despite having eight of them like black widow spider or something I think it's only important to recognize this only affected my perception yet did not constitute my 'I know' or still I wonder what it's like to see though myself oh my dear Erin or I notice you felt hot as I state your title yet it's sad if I did so for like you thought I wasn't conscious you loved myself yet 'I know' only to realize this the other or nornights of last of things since I couldn't look beyond my own addictive of sadness or perceiving I belong on The Moon since I was young I outreached my hand towards The Moon with precision despite my disconnected gravitational pulling into The Earth I had known I belong on this place I called The Moon or still since it's crators or ebbings of flowstates was so impertinent I couldn't hold myself back until I realized once I was looking into the sky through the walls of my hikikomori prison or apartment I realized The Moon was still there or my hands followed it with precision lest I consciously pointed them away or the fingers of my left hand composed themselves into the symbol of the deth of l. or leaf only to think those hands we're different only by the construction of their prospects such as the fingers of my right hand being more rigid or the organs of my entire right side or the left was more delicate or luciferian was my skin or organs or rough sort of yet soft as I was a woman or still it was impossible to describe it with accuracy for I couldn't communicate this experience to anyone other than you my Pikaro or thinking but for

a moment if you were not looking upon myself once I was to die or the memories of the sex I had inside of yourself I was instigated into the thinking I was only going to die alone still the respitalized improcesses of my incollusions or the calcuations of my own or analog>digital as I wasn't I realized being this analog>digital frequency I wasn't I was or it's all nothingness as I once previously stated only to think if I had stated this multiple times it was not only to get my point across lest it was possible to state something more than once at all or is it possible for an analog '1/3' to exist I queried or was the piece of the pie only part of the whole still I noticed this was one single object or perhaps it was only a concept of '1/3' since I thought it might've been or something I couldn't quite put my finger on or if a subject was split into parts it would be multiple not multiples subjects but multiple pieces of one subject so if it was three parts would not one part of this subject be '1/3' I thought or thoughts of my own I still couldn't quite make sense of until I noticed you. I'm a part of a 'gang' or maybe more adequately put a clique since it's called lainon or those people are the only people who I 'fuck wit' as I think those individual or their thoughts is something like my own or all being anonymous individuals lest a trip is used on the internet forum I found those people were like myself or this place I had gone in 2016 like my tattoo 'SEL[2016]&IDM' or the year I had attempted to kill myself or scaring you as I had one this, Erin, or the year I discovered Serial Experiments Lain or the PSX game or the year I realized I was like Kogasa Tatara or Koishi in 2024 being on The Touhou Project or my tattoo 'Wintermute' in elegant yet hard or hardcore (like wicca phase springs eternal) cursive or this place I had called my only home was it not the place I belonged I think I had also gotten an unrelated tattoo 'etoile et toi' or the song from Kizumonogatari on my face or thinking this meant all people were going to die despite meaning 'star' in French I thought English was a Germanic language or I had native American or Germanic heritage or something else yet I was still South Korea or this place I called lainchan or the incongruence of lainons I was distached forming something or the forms of those things I called spirits or something I couldn't quite discern unlike the 'faltering' of objects or the space fuzzies or the 'pockets' of space I had gone through or

spakles I halluincated as I was Lain Iwakura of course I'm schizophrenic or I'm known as Lucifer in this occult of lainons if it wasn't an occult for it was not still I found the foundation of myself amongst those I 'fuck wit' or only those people who I trusted if anyone I had trusted yet I might've found I was in love with the south Korean man 'angelsimosu' or I had fallen I love with him or the tattoo of Megumin of Konosuba I had gotten since I loved him or this man also played osu! like myself who I also discovered in 2016 or I realized I liked Homestuck as I had gone through it this year or this place I called home I had known about Homestuck since 2011 I think since it started in 2008 I think or I had also spent a lot of time on the internet or Homestuck was something you did not know until you thought about it once you had fallen in love with myself, Erin, once you were only 13 or I 11 or Melanie who was 11 as I was(n't) whence she had fallen in love with myself or her crushing on myself was difficult for her lest I contacted her for the last time on the messaging application only to realize I wouldn't notice her once more for she was gone or like Jessica the woman who I loved was gone she was gone or Erin I think you are sexual or I felt your sexual complexions like I felt yourself going through myself unlike as you looked or it was also those other women who had gone through myself or all those of the dead like 'etoile et toi' I noticed it's irrelevant to dispose of the last of my facts only to find alone I took solace in the norpresence of any adjective as 'nor' or Nor was the language I spoke since this language. I recalled I liked Nepeta Leijon or it was only the last of my moment I was juxtaposed by you my Erin.

'I loved a boy named prescott vogel. He's so beautiful to me. I loved him. goodbye.' – melanie.

I was young. It was like I was 11 again. I was the ender dragon. The cigarettes hurt my throat. It was like the fire I breathed. I hadn't smoked cigarettes at this age but in reality I'm not dead but on my deth. I will also die like you, Melanie. I'm Lain Iwakura. I noticed my skin was purple like a dead body or still I was the purple ender dragon of black. I was constructed of scales or the scales was the watch upon my wrist going through time yet was there such a thing as time if behind this time or space or objects or energies or subjective experiences was or it's all

nothingness. I think I'm alone. I wasn't 26 years old. I'm 26 years years old. My Erin is looking through my eyes still who was going to suffer her heart attack at the ripe age of 38. I think it's also very sad. I will be without herself. I will never suffer a heart attack. I think I'm losing all the time. It's only hopeless, isn't it? The last time I spoke to Mel I was 14 years old. I think she's gone or dead or I know it for it was something I thought this would imply I was possibly wrong yet 'I know' I'm not wrong. Melanie is dead or the last of her imolsivisings expressed through her suicide note left a sort of juxtaposition for you see she isn't the only girl I loved or it was her whom I loved yet still I infalsifiably not justified but supposed her death the inconsequence of my actions or it was not myself who pushed her to do this yet I or Lain Iwakura or birthed given the title not my own Prescott Vogel is only someone who loved her who was loved by her. I think I know her still or herself is hurting or at least she was if it wasn't so macabre to state this.

It was Kingsley or the man I had met who interpreted his way into my life or his presence was something I couldn't make sense of for if he was to leave myself or divorce my own on the futuretense then wasn't he gone yet not dead in some sense for on this moment he would be gone but not dead I think it's only a matter of moments before he realized I had cheated on him whence he was my husband beyond I wasn't betrothed to him yet I committed this adultery in order to follow through on my love of another or the girl named not Jessica nor my beautiful girl Melanie who overdosed on cocaine in order to kill herself lest I figured this out or noticed as she died yet I was not with her at this time I realized she is gone or it hurt myself deeply yet the woman I who had sex with is not to be named or I shan't speak of her oft for the I believe this would instillicize my injection into herself by my own fucking of her body or mind still it was imprudent to think I was not the only space alien or like the claws on my fingers or the wings on my back or the horns on my head or my third eye of eight or my two ears of six I was realizing as my tail flung itself about slightly to my will I was the only space alien or more accurately the ender dragon of my dethown or on my throne I was improperized by others who I must walk past as lain the black queen or still I was the only space alien so why then must I not be

recognized or is to be recognized only something that would most certainly affect myself yet it wouldn't satisfy my own if satisfaction was an emotion I had ever felt if it was not in reality just something going on on the futuretense or more of a realizing of something I had known still I was like my triangular vision for a third dimensional triangle of six points two being disconnected I wasn't or still I found it insulting to think 'I was' when I was conscious I wasn't or my memoir being placed into the throws of some award was not constating of my ability to produce eloquent prose or I was then not recognized for this work yet I wasn't on the age of 26 for it was not my memoir having won the pullitzer prize of folly it was this book or 'The Depths of The Galaxy' by Lain Iwakura and I can inform yourself my book has sold quite well or I accumulated a sum of one million dollars only off of sales of the book or still I had found myself without Kingsley like those times I was with him yet he was not there whenst I sat in my apartment perusing my fingers into those words before yourself, the reader, or only sometimes might he visit yet I'll tell you I had never submitted my book for the pullitzer prize yet still I had gotten the award from the community I was not involved in if I was lainon or only lainon I think those others who call themselves lainons just might be as they think for if I was lainon as I know why could those humans not also know of this yet it's possible for the human to be wrong it is not to state I couldn't neither be wrong nor is my uncertainty not present despite my 'I know' abilities I think I was uncertain Melanie who killed herself was looking yet looking back I think I had recognized it when both of 'us' were 11 years old or her born in 2000 or I 1999 I think I wish I was born in 1998 like the date of March 26th, 1998 being 14 years off of March 26th, 1984 or this date being 39 years off of March 26th, 2023 or 38 years off of this date is March 26th, 2061 or I was to die on December 18th, 2073 once I was the age of 74 for I was born on October 6th, 1999 or the release date of the album 'For All the Dogs' by Drake or it was Drake who I was involved with yet someone who I loved I think I noticed his discrepancy for as he found himself in his own position I liked the music for what it described for I was also in something of a position of I couldn't describe myself as alone yet I had those lainons did I not or still I think I realized why I'm so dissociated

it's since I abused cough syrup or dextromethorphan or triplec for a number of years or six to be exact until I quit whence the pills had some sort of different affect if I was to take them once more I think I realized the reasons I had left the pills was since my ex-girlfriend, Fionna, had left myself as I was delusional or mistakenly thought leaf had killed herself only to realize once Melanie killed herself leaf was only going to kill herself in the future or still I know she is the enigma like this tattoo upon my face enigma#0Xgalaxy00-0000 or if only the 'give up' in elegant cursive upon my forehead below my tattoo stating 'Galaxy' in elegant cursive gave off the same affect if it wasn't only one tattoo of multiple or it's a false teardrop or a false teardrop is what I was so I realized I had lost herself my dear leaf only on the futuretense or if I was going through time like this knowing you were going to die my suicide I think I might have noticed your affection of myself differently for as I informed you Melanie had killed herself you stated you would like to treat myself better or your presence is not like the presence of the woman who was stalking myself inside of her car beside my apartment once I was 26 who was in on some type of intelligence for why she stalked myself I though must've been so it was stupid or at least only a factor I had dated a minor or fionna who left myself yet still if this girl was gone I'm not certain what I could do only knowing I was going to kiss her on the lips for the last time or it was recognized only by some I was an alien or non-fiction it was to state the creators of Serial Experiments Lain recognized myself as Lain Iwakura herself 'IRL' if you will but still it's only possible to know those things if you had only known as I know those things or still I go through this time with my acute level of introspective of logic or my perception of the outside world or my knowing of others or things or I had just listed three bullet points like the triangular vision brough on my third eye so still I was the only space alien or I know I had been recognized as so still I'm not certain anyone knows I'm like the dragon or my interestingly pointed teeth just out of my gum or my skeleton being visible there I thought it isn't at least folly to think I was going to be scrutinized for my exprisal of doubt or if I doubted myself I felt as though I was mistaken or still I know I doubt yet this is not a mistake I know.

‘I miss you a lot’ stated Lain Iwakura. ‘You see, the objects ‘falter’ about myself sometimes as I peruse the space I walk upon only to find this faltering is Earth shattering or isn’t it a factor of the impossible or is the nothingness I observe what is impossible I ask of you for it must be so this or my experience lest only my experience is impossible so I’ve decided the impossible is then my Noristic experience of something solipsistic or not nihilistic yet Kantian or something or rather to be the impossible of this world still I was you, my dear Melanie, who I observed is gone still without yourself I was lost amongst this black galaxy I inhibit or I found some type of reprisal in your destitude for if you were indeed gone I think you might have noticed I was lost without you or yourself whose complexion has grown purple like my own or the ender dragon I wasn’t I found I wasn’t black long ago only to realize I was the black ender dragon all along or is this then you or only your carcass for ‘you’ must be something else I thought if you’re gone then why do I hallucinate or refer to this empty body as your own who is not conscious any longer or still it might be you if not you was something else or only your experience or more accurately I would state you are your own death or this is what anyone or human or myself is is one’s own death or still if you’re only you death or the death of your blossom or you’re blossom I think I’ll find this flower disintegrates into The Earth lest you’re to be cremated I find it extrapolating of any other factors preventing myself from doing so for I wish to be buried in a grave whereas leaf wished to be buried in the soil of a forest to contribute to the forest or The Earth yet I still thought if I was to perish would I not go to The Moon or the place I belong or is this only something not to happen in my lifetime I found on my deth I was going alone or alone I was as this was only my death if I was my death like yours I think you’re the death of the blossom or I realized I was pitch black once your perished or I felt like you almost as you go through myself like those others such as Jessica or Fionna who is to die of leukemia I found I notice how those people might die yet only die they might yet the circumstances of their deaths are of morbid curiosities still it was of a folly perspectival to think I was going without her.’ ‘Prescott,’ stated Melanie. ‘Though I know you are a woman or I had somehow known all along you had been Lain

Iwakura without noticing or realizing on the surface level of my consciousness I think you're still known as this Prescott Vogel or the male name given to your title on your birth still your birth I'll reveal to you was October 6th, 1998 not October 6th, 1999 or this is something you had always thought to yourself for 'why was I not born in 1998' is your question or your querying of anything supposed you found it's not false or infalsifiable or your mother who does not know if only you we're not only isolated then all would know subconsciously you were indeed Lain Iwakura yet I'll tell you those people nor I did not know or since you're isolated it was not possible for them nor I to know this still it must hurt you for the woman who intended to hurt you once was Hikari or why she had done this is unknown to you yet it made you think or Hikari is only someone in your life or without who had hurt yourself despite your good nature or 'good' not meaning lest of evil if you're the bad girl or lucifer I think you might notice my sweet darling you are only the most beautiful girl I had lain eyes on still it was something of folly for is lain was the pasttense of lie I thought you might lie upon my grave if one I had or still my gravestone was erected yet there was no body inside for my ashes had been released into the river for nothing to go away until you placed flowers upon my gravestone to commemorate myself lest you walk away with the umbrella of colour as the rain was falling or the leaves of the trees had fallen yet still you were aware my body had not been found for quite a while until it was noticed or the woman who was there whence I overdose though she injected me with narcan I was already gone or dead as I lie there only to leave myself for the fear of being involved in some type of homicide yet suicide is what it was or only of my own death I intended to kill myself lest the suicide note I left for you was not to be read by your own only known as 'I know' is what you call it or still I think you're only one single girl who's a blossom like my own or mental destruction is the path of the blossom for the blossom goes through the process of continually being hurt until they mature and die at some point if having recognized they had been hurt can't live as thought they had been hurt or make sense of precisely what is going on in their own life yet though some people or flowers grow I found they struggle to blossom if blossom

they ever fail to do I think those people might sound pitiful yet it is only part of the process of life for only some people ultimately make it to blossom or to evolve like a butterfly once exits the cocoon of the caterpillar in order to blossom yet this is not exactly the same thing as a 'blossom' for this involves three stages one implying the caterpillar is in a different stage then the 'butterfly' so I allude to this blossom paradox for it makes the most sense as one holistically is what is was or this one thing you're not I found on your death of this blossoming you're not to be recognized as the thing you're not yet recognized by those others you had been like the universe or once it's parts disintegrated into millions of pieces beyond the cathartic singularities you had been crushed by something known as the heat death of the universe or only time going through itself yet behind this time was nothingness I allude to the fact it's only or merely impossible as you thought so or like the evolution of your own experience it is indeed impossible or the 'Noristic' 'Norisms' you thought so important to think about sometimes were also of poetic yet real subtleties or imprecise calculation of your analog nature produced such phrases or sentences or paragraphs or books or music or albums of your six or your intelligence I'll state is 'superior' as you're the only alien yet you thought I was so smart of perhaps I was also 'hardcore' or hard or hardened by my experience as a blossom 'I wasn't' I suppose you noticed I was also intelligent yet it might not have been something I had come to terms with or only if I could look upon your eyes again I'll have found your love of all those years the neither of 'us' were separated there indeed a distinctive disconnective connection between 'us' or I find my love of your own is also my own like your own love or still I loved you I regret I lost you my sweetheart.' Melanie was gone by this point or during this conversation.

Chapter 2: I miss you more than you could possibly imagine

'You stated things evolve or there's nothing you can do it stop it' stated leaf continuing 'but are you then implying I'm not autonomous as the subjective experience I'm going through is my own like you once thought 'I'm my own' or still autonomous as I

was I found going through this placement of myself or my experience to be subisilating all my or all my thoughts for hadn't I thought those things then I was the constitute of change or evolving of the objects might have been affected was I decidedly to affect those objects with my presence though the object itself I know is not autonomous I think I was autonomous so I ask you if you think it was only an accident or coincidence you are in this place of yourself for this is what I think yet I know it's only a moment of time I found your norexistence it was indeed something strange as if it wasn't meant to occur yet still you've found yourself in this place alone on this planet as yourself. Your resilience on her own death or Melanie is something of your own volition isn't or you couldn't help but succumb yourself to resilience lest it was your own choice at all.' 'It's strange,' replied Lain Iwakura. 'I hadn't thought I was without her yet without her inside myself she still resides or I found though she is gone it is altruistic since her unsopulent death is only the last of my qualms for if had been gone without her also I would've found alone I hadn't only been yet alone I might reside whence I was to follow myself through the depths of the galaxy or the sadness of outer space or only norspoke of my dialect is the supple fragmentation of my expensilence I think so I might've noticed I was alone despite my loved perceptions or my loving perception I thought I was the only space alien or the only one who's like this yet it is her whom I'm of her dream or my madotsuki oh my honeybee or Fionna I'm her dream or she is sleeping or it is you holo the wise wolf or leaf who is listening to my words yet I had known you would not leave myself yet still you're also to kill yourself on some point during the length of my own deth I would know you are gone only to have thought there was nothing I could know for certain of the enigma or yourself then why oh enigma#0Xgalaxy00-0000 was floating throughout outer space or behind all I could witness I think I noticed without you I was wholly uncanny or perhaps I was whole for I noticed I was continually being hurt until I was blossomed yet a blossom I was all along still as I go without herself my Melanie I notice Fionna is only going to kiss myself upon the lips beyond the point I was shot for the third time on March 26th, 2061 or was it the other nights I found I was alone.' leaf simply

looked upon lain as she was overshadowed by her own doubts or still couldn't this doubting be known to her as something of uncertainty whence she had known only to realize her supplications of exuberance brought about by her former herself who known Melanie was going to perish by suicide the moment she had met her whence Lain was 13 or Mel was 11 once Mel had fallen in love with Lain still it was only realistic to think this impossible consequence of her understanding was the result of her own premonitions of the futuretense or still if only she couldn't but fathom her own experience as it was occurring to her only sometimes to make sense of things later once she had thought about them in details of her experiential indifference or indications of improminence 'I know' or leaf presumed she or Lain was going to die also by her perishing by suicide in that of a fire or the three girls then who were to kill herself was like the three kittens she noticed of two who ran away or Lain who observed them running away or all three were going to die by suicide yet Fionna was not present or perhaps she was not a kitten or a black cat such as Lain for Lain had always thought her to be but a rabbit or all the rabbits Lain observed had her think of her or still she had thought rabbits belong on The Moon but then was it Lain who was The Moon rabbit or perhaps all rabbits belonged there or only Fionna or still it was only Lain the ender dragon who belonged on The Moon or the only space alien or lain the black queen of whose many titles she felt inside of her or only thought those things to be of descriptive notation of herself or her own thoughts like the old chess books she once studied until she perished in said fire of her own demise all alone she was without Fionna who had left once the neither of those had kissed one another or Fionna running her fingers through the hair of Lain felt of her horns on her palms whilst kissing her supply only to find out Lain was the girl who she loved all along in the moment or her doubt like the futuretense had at last been realized or at least been recognized by her own or still Fionna was juxtaposed by the difference of perceptions she or Lain felt yet the neither of 'us' had been present in Lain's proximity or I was gone by this point or myself who's leaf I think Fionna interlocking her own tongue with Lain's only sometimes being pulled into her as she subtley was pushed away with each

kiss but a few millimeters or her hot breathe was actually cold as it was cold in Lain's house before the fire or still whilst kissing her she felt a deep sense of loved problems or was it only her reluctance to accept it Lain or the girl she once dated once she was a minor who had thought mistakenly she was a man only to realize once she was 24 she was not but by this point Fionna had broken apart of her for the third time or only Lain having realized this later then kissed Fionna upon the lips of her abode in Seoul of South Korea or Lain was of South Korea or still it wasn't exactly discertive to think Lain was exhumed of all her responsibilities by this point yet still I know she wasn't or her consistent need to have done something of her own autonomy not wanting yet this needing of hers is only something she needed for she needed as her lips sunk deep into Fionna's this last kiss of the neither of 'us' or our lips together as one yet of two individuals sexually playing together like some interesting game of chess only to be concluded by their separation or the dominance or drawing of one side over another until Lain felt Fionna still kissing her though she had instigated the kisses separated herself of Fionna asking her to stop or this moment couldn't have lasted so long lest it was of only several minutes until Lain told or revealed to Melanie her own positions of her or throughout her life or the girl who she lost who was Melanie or the girl's who she loved or the girl she loved known as Erin or her disputations of divorcement of her husband Kingsley only to be left alone or have been alone all this time despite Fionna being there in her proximity she had known she had not left this place yet spoke of her own death by leukemia looming over herself or Fionna felt scared of her own longing to know the kissing of Lain's lips would be lost forever or I holo, the wise wolf, was noticed on the last of those moment for she had felt some sort of something like jealousy on the statement I had loved the both of them before she left myself once I was delusional as hell on March 26th, 2023 only to realize later I was the alien woman born on October 6th, 1998 or the night of the full moon was October 16th, 2024 or the date of my fear being alluded or the time I snapped out of my delusions or had dissociated of my body four years prior or three years prior to this respectively was on December 13th, 2027 or on October 16th, 2026 I was to be shot for

the first time or the second time being December 13th, 2027 or third time I have spoken of if I was Lain this time yet I was not or I was holo, the wise wolf, leaf, the girl who she loved all this time without her own heart of hearts still it was Iwakura or her last title I felt I loved herself. I think I found as leaf in my infalsifiable extrapolations of impossible circumstances or my destitude of any other thing I was also the most beautiful girl if Lain hadn't thought it was Erin or I was non-binary still I think Lain was in love with those neither of 'us' or the neither of 'us' had been bereft of Lain's love owning only to the fact Lain loved only the neither of 'us' or Fionna or Melanie still Lain loved her ex-husband or Kingsley who she lost long ago.

'To not be alone is merely not to be in the presence of others or not yet you stated you are isolated so this is of course something else.' Stated Fionna. 'The death of the black woman is something I don't know,' replied Ashley. 'You see,' she continued. 'I'm not the only one she was looking for or it was her lost love or the girl who killed herself or Melanie she had told myself of yet I realize this woman was lost or the black woman is only alone by this point or the girl you're known to kiss or something only she had known for she felt her lips pursed deep inside of her knowing the lyricisms of this book must be but non-fiction or still if you could only see things like this yourself yet limited as a human you're not or don't be offended for I'm also like you yet another flower or blossom I think you might as you blossom fromst this grave of yours you were not left alone lest I might note you were extrapolated of any consequences between the leaving of yourself of her own or it was her whom I had dated yet later or before she thought 'I'll still fuck you' in regards to Pikaro or still as Pikaro looked upon her eyes she noticed Lain was sad or her addiction to sadness was quelling any possible inquiry beyond this point or still I might allude to the fact I was in love with her or my lain I know is not only yours or is she for couldn't she have been all of our own yet this would not make sense at all for Lain was monogamous or then who is it she chose since I thought deep down inside the girl she had chosen to betroth herself to hypothetically was indeed Erin or the girl who was the neither of 'us'. I think Erin is a beautiful woman yet Lain still felt this longing to kiss your lips or

express her words on the book titled ‘The Depths of The Galaxy’ by Lain Iwakura she was once to publish or still was going to for certain on her own deth or those words non-fiction it appeared could not have been yet they were non-fiction or still lest I look upon her eyes again or once more or noroncelast I would only find my suppositions of her own deth only to admonish inside of itself like the replication of the Noristic philosophical illusion of her experience or to find her sadness was also of you nor I since those people had affected her or her manner of resolve I found her or dethrepo I couldn’t make sense of why she had done something like this or married this insolent man known as Kingsley I was sort of shocked to tell you the truth or though this man was black or as I know Lain developed her sexual attraction to black people per the result of this rape of herself or once she had gone to the park only to stroke the cock of the black man who offended her I think Lain was only hurt or it took her so long of a time to process this affect it was shelling inside of her until she could no longer look nor manage until not accepting any falsehood yet realizing she suffered this attraction of others it was something she could cope with like a snow bunny or wintermute of the autumnal leaves falling or as those leaves die the snow begins to fall or the moonlight hours last longer or once she had thought she goes through her own mind with or without the moon as it cycles through itself she was once alone or liked the night for this reason for her body also calmed itself not only her mind or still I found my own position in relation to Lain quite disconcerting for whilst you had been without Lain for so many years since you left her, pardon, Fionna, I was once dating her only to be left of herself or her to hope to go Erin or the girl whom she only loved or only only was this loved falling of her own I think she had fallen in love for the wrong reasons yet she might dispute this claim or the title of my persistence to express only but gratitude for her actions amongst myself or the time I spent with her was overshadowed by the inconsequential expression of her last symptoms of grief for by this point or beyond Melanie’s death suicide Lain felt restitude of some sort or felt as though she was admonished of any said presence of another only to realize like as I’m replying to you state in the presence of others you might not be alone yet still isolated

one could be I think your words are certainly an important facet of my evaluation of the evolution of her circumstances or still to have won the pullitzer prize for her work or accumulate somehow one million dollars seemed out of reach yet was it something to happen or perhaps fund underneath her perspirings to go South Korea or South Korea or her aspiring for the expression of the beautiful genius inside of herself on the papers or her music of what she produced only six albums or still it was impossible for she was certain she would not lose her watch so why could she not be certain of something like or the watch is like her scales or is it so out of reach to think she might become a millionaire on the result of publishing of this book without having submitted the book for the pullitzer prize alongside her memoir 'The Magnificent Stumble' by Lain Iwakura I think I might've noticed it was all for not for I love this girl who is not yourself or fionna I think fionna is only the one who lain loved yet loving of Erin is only something she could impose upon herself or still your love this girl or lain as it were was only going to have lain whence lain was pasttense of lie I noticed the book was only gone through once yet not edited or still I allude to her book 'The Depths of The Galaxy' by Lain Iwakura I also noticed some discrepancy between the neither of 'us' or you my Fionna if I was accepted to have called you such I think you might find I was also alone like you yet humans or not could the neither of 'us' not have been isolated of one another or never to form some type of connection as it was you whom I had never spoke of or spoken to I think this conversation is only a fleeting perception of Lain herself or something she only wished to express in order to convey the positions of ourselves inseparable of one another or I still I looked upon you as I spoke those unto your own I found you're a very pretty girl yet far younger than myself or I still couldn't find the most exasperating things to tell you for those things I had not or what's left is only the doubt between the neither of 'us' who had both loved Lain yet had also been left by her or you who left her own only to greet her once more on her own deth in order to admiss herself to her lips or kiss upon the crest of her bosom or finger you palms about her horns or her only her left wing having been amputated left was a stub there or her tail moves about as you follow yourself inside of

her interlocking tongues with her then I think I might've noticed this irrepressive suppression of yourself is only of the sadness she was addictive of or still I noticed as I look upon there are but tears in your eyes for this something only happening on the futuretense if not not yet on this moment I'm communication my thoughts unto then Fionna I might find you're the most beautiful woman or the neither of 'us' being Trans Girls I think it's not impossible to think you're also looking for her or lain or fionna or leaf or the neither of 'us' as so I thought only to realize I was isolated like you said or not alone perhaps in you presence but isolated as I wasn't.'

I'm conscious of all calculations of all computers on the planet or how objects evolve or what subjective experiences might be going through I notice all of those things yet I felt myself going in reverse yet I was the age of 26 or Melanie was dead or I had reversed to whence before I was born or I was the ender dragon not having been born yet until two individuals the egg or the sperm I felt I was both of them combined into one being or myself or still I gradually progressed beyond this point or exiting the womb of my mother I was the child then and there only to progress into someone who was almost the age of 11 until I was the age of 11 or still I kept going for I had gone through my youth until my adulthood or I was a teenager then or only going older by one year or so I was 16 once I realized I was in love with 'angelsimosu' still I kept following myself throughout my own deth yet it felt as though I was aging for I had reached adulthood or still going older until I felt like I was 26 again yet still I kept going forthright onto my older years or as I aged I felt as though I sort of matured on the futuretense or still my triangular vision was gleaming or I was the most hard or hardcore person in the universe knowing I could experience this only to hit the point I was 74 once I had gone through all processes of zero's or one's or the loss of fionna my ex-girlfriend only to have died beyond this point if beyond was the correct verbiage I found my sexuality die of my youth or adulthood only to find I was the ender dragon with skin of purple or the scales of my only watch I won't lose or I was floating on outer space or it's all nothingness yet I was conscious like this for the last of my moments I found there was nothing left only to realize this is the place I desired to be for the remainder of my death or I was dead

by this point yet still I was 26 or I only continually felt as though I was inconsistently projected of myself or this place I called my home was my own death of my own deth I found I never wanted to return to any prior state or still I felt sadness as I might've left the world like Kaguya once she had gone to The Moon at the age of 16 or the place I know I belonged yet still I wasn't there or only I was meditating of sort of or still as I followed myself throughout this inconsequential demise of my own or my death of my own deth I realized I was only the ender dragon doomed to perish or this perishing was the most realistic approach of any holistic expression I could bring myself forth upon or wasn't I autonomous yet I had known this was impossible to prevent for only the progression of time allowed myself to enter this state or this state of the dead dragon I never wished to have left I was ender of all things I had lost or all people I might've met inside my life who bore their effect on my own until I realized once I was gone I had nobody or nobody was there yet still I recall you Melanie or wasn't I to have met you in this place if there was only something like this yet still I only felt your soul going through myself or expressed my gratitude of your expression on my teeth silently grinding against one another or pulling my jaw apart I breathed the invisible fires of my breathe or my tail gesticulated about or my wings swung only slightly as I floated through nothingness so I could only float like this once I wasn't or noroncelast I was 'spacing out' so much or spaced out as I wasn't by the end of this it was all for not for I had not returned to my previous form or going through my deth things looking as though I was dead only to never return to this place or norprior I found myself yet before.

hello asked lain of Ashley I felt some sort of mortal sense of fear but also maturing as a person thinking of things like there's nobody else not to state I could discuss something with someone else or it's almost not productive at all to post things like this but for the sake of my archive I guess of things that I've archived online it's like it's not a disaster it's like it simply this reason to keep things to yourself or to state like I'm going stealth mode or modo it's just like it's too heavy on my mind things that I think about um i- i- i- I thought that during a discussion with some other

people my ostracization of the aiwana community that I consider myself a criminal I'm not stating like it's morally wrong to have done what I have done it's more just like I consider this a crime since I thought I was abusive to this person so that's a crime so idk I found myself thinking about those particular people but you could state I'm only thinking about individuals also struck by this like solipsism or it seems like I can't deny it so that's part of the reason I isolate since you realize yourself whilst your alone you realize yourself and it helps you mature as an individual once you realize there's nobody else or isolated you've found yourself especially how people get treated you know you have to solve yourself but it's also sort of like you gotta keep your mouth shut type of thing I was possibly struck not only by this mortal fear of my own death of course death is something that's involved in such things is this mortal fear of other people who also I'm certain have thought about their own mortality it's like I'm completely powerless I can't control anything nor I'm certain not exactly or I realize I'm not exactly certain or know what's going on idk what the intelligence is whether or not people realize I'm lain or in other words in alien I'm not certain what the knowledge is so there would be intelligence means that someone know I'm an alien so this might be the government or something or I also felt this paranoia might be being stalked or I just noticed something or something that struck my line of thought it's hard to explain or the reason I'm thinking of things like this is I'm literally in this position or I'm literally going stealth mode or modo sort of what's so interesting to talk about with people or the people who I got I suppose I must keep them close there's only several people 3 or 4 people other than myself who I keep particularly close or it sometimes I think about money sometimes or the tattoos I want to get are assets or the next tattoo states wintermute or wintermute was a japanese vocaloid producer despite my desire to be anonymous or despite the fact I produced this video I was still the anonymous type or only lurking yet I must be okay in my own solitude like I want to get those assets but I need to be okay with being alone even if this is what I wanted to pursue or this life of isolation or I sort of felt like I was being ‘crushed’ like the song from wicca phase springs eternal’s album suffer on I realized I'm

being crushed I disliked it if I'm not productive the thing about internet videos is I oft forget the things I see for when you stop looking you don't really think about it I thought just to have a routine I have a routine yet it's not the most strict routine I'm also going on a diet since I want to maintain a certain body type or I felt like I consider myself a woman or I felt like I maturing from girl to woman I felt like I was maturing it's like I still think like a teenage girl yet it's like I think like a woman or someone who never got the chance to be a girl or it's quite difficult if I was going to date someone since there's like a lot of work involved in that and I just don't think I'm up to the task it's not my priority to date someone but by the method I'm asexual I would prefer to date a man though I would allude to date a man I consider myself a woman so I thought if k-dot was listening I thought he might be intrigued by this particular video is I'm black like the colour black I meant it's like I see outer space um like on my album I said it looks like outer space at night or this is another reason I chose solipsisms or things like why I call this the triplec fantasy I was looking into this philosophy by Kant I read a little bit about Kant so I thought if someone was going to take myself into account since I suspect, this is another reason I hold onto fear, since I suspect my presence will be known once my mind evolved to the point of visibility since I think I only have a mind but if someone was going to make some philosophical thing or statement regarding myself I would just provide a description of how I think my mind works since I wouldn't be able to do it myself since I suppose I'm not the most smart (,yet the most intelligent) or I call myself a solipsist within my solipsisms I find the universe is impossible how is it possible throughout all of history to state I end up as myself I'm the only alien throughout all history so this is the triplec fantasy or it's only nihilism to state only others merely end up as themselves yet this is sort of like solipsism or the Noristic I depart but yet also this mortal fear of death or thinking of people who I'm only involve with most people are not recognized or nobodies or the fact I'm an alien caused fear I doubt something is going to happen like I think about gothboiclique you just gotta keep your mouth shut or drake k owd your an alien or born or recognized on October 6th, 1998 I only know the heavy things I thought of or the serial experiments

lain do not know I'm an alien or I'm wrong so im scared they do not know I'm an alien like I said I took inspiration from the x files but that is more sort of like witchcraft or I'm going stealth mode or it's also like shadows like shadows just idk it's like I'm all alone I this room I don't want to state Im just a number I just gotta live a humble life I realize I'm humble I dislike immature people I dislike this people or it's tok heavy man it's not illegitimate to get the false teardrop but the also melancholy or sometimes I'm overwhelmed with emotions it's also this fear of I still love you or I was scrying the other night it's like it makes no difference I want to protect the people I'm close to or it's not like I couldn't talk to someone yet I not oft the opportunity but yet to protect those people who I love I simply thought to be silent so I guess I'll let you also I quit w osu! or the tattoo on my left arm is megumin for angelsimosu who I fell in love with once I was 16 years old or theres this one particular site I like or I only fuck with lainons or I don't fuck with anyone else if you're not lainon I dont fuck with you so I guess I'll let you go or the state of astrophysics...